

to practice law. Among the persons victimized was the proprietor of the St. Nicholas hotel, who allowed Guitau to run up a big bill. His exploits as a hotel and boarding house beat finally got into the papers. The New York Herald wrote him up extensively. This seemed to be the chance that Guitau had long sought. Previous to that day he had not appeared in the public prints, but when the Herald denounced him at length he proposed to sue Mr. Bennett for libel, and did institute proceedings against him, which were compromised in some form or other.

He afterward returned to Chicago and resumed his career of dead-beating. He was exposed by the Times two or three times, but continued on his course. He threatened suit, and visited the Times office several times. His visit, grew tiresome, and one day he was given the privilege of going downstairs in double-quick time or being thrown over the railing. He preferred to go down the easiest way, and did not bother the office again for months.

Guitau at times assumed the appearance of a pious person, and at such times he was a regular church-goer, Sunday-school teacher, and general missionary.

#### A Lunatic After Mr. Blaine.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Daniel McNamara, supposed to be insane, appeared at police headquarters to-day, and said he was from King William county, Va., but had been living in Philadelphia. He announced that he had been inspired by God to come here and kill Secretary Blaine. He asked where the secretary lived, and exhibited a revolver. He is not clear whether his mission is to assassinate Secretary Blaine or General Arthur. He has been sent to the insane asylum. He stated when examined that he had been inspired by the spirit to kill General Grant during the latter's administration, but that defeated in that object, and said that if an opportunity were given him he would explain the manner in which Guitau was prompted to assassinate the President.

PHILADELPHIA, July 5.—Daniel McNamara, who was arrested to-day in Washington, lives in Philadelphia at Sixth and Catharine streets. He came from Ireland when he was fourteen years old. He served through the rebellion and afterward for five years served in the regular army. On the twenty-second of last October he was sent to the Philadelphia almshouse, but left there on the following day. Last January he was arrested for throwing a brick through a back window, his purpose being to secure a commitment to jail. The authorities disappointed him by sending him to the insane asylum, where he remained for several months. Recently he has been employed at the Baldwin locomotive works, but lost his place a week ago. Then he conceived the idea of going to Washington to get a pension, and spoke to his relatives of visiting Secretary Blaine to secure that gentleman's influence in his behalf. He left Philadelphia on Monday afternoon to go to the capital, and before going spoke in strong terms in denunciation of Guitau's crime. McNamara always had extravagant ideas of his own importance, and when discussing politics always became greatly excited.

#### A Village of Terrors.

A Detroit who had business in a village in Washtenaw county drove out there in a buggy, and of course went to the inn for his dinner. The landlord made no inquiries until after the meal was eaten and paid for and he then found opportunity to inquire:

"Were you going out to 'Squire Brown's place'?"

"No."

"I didn't know but you were a lightning-rod man, and I was going to say that the 'Squire had threatened to shoot the next one on sight. We don't go much on them fellows around here, and I'm glad you are somebody else. Maybe you are going over to Judge Hardy's to sell him some fruit trees for fall setting?"

"No."

"Well, that's lucky. Only yesterday the judge was remarking to me that the next fruit-tree agent who entered his gate would want a coffin. Fact is, I myself have got to do some kicking to pay for being swindled on grape vines. You are not a patent-right man, eh?"

"No."

"Well, that's a narrow escape for you. We've been swindled here on hay forks, cultivators, gates, pumps, churns and a dozen other things, and I'm keeping sixteen dozen bad eggs for use when the next patent-righter shows his face in this town. Perhaps you are a lecturer?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, you haven't lost anything. We never turn out very strong here to a lecturer. The last man who struck us lectured on "Our Currency," but didn't take in enough to pay me for his supper. You are not a book-canvaser?"

"No."

"That's another escape. We've been laid out here so often that if an agent should offer to sell a \$20 Bible for fifty cents we'd suspect a trick to beat us. Strikes me now you may be a lawyer."

"No."

"Good 'nuff. Last one who settled here had to leave town at midnight, and we don't want any more. Say, what are you, anyway?"

"A politician," replied the Detroit.

"A politician! Then git! For heaven's sake! don't stand around here if you value your life! We've just impeached our pound-master for embezzling the public money, and the excitement is so intense that the Democrats will ride you on a rail or the Republicans duck you in the water trough. Git right up and scoot!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A correspondent of the London *Queen* expresses no little astonishment at finding that the women of Leadville, Colorado, dress in the latest fashion, and wear materials every day which their European sisters don on state occasions only. "Even the servants display their silks on Sundays, and not a few adorn themselves with lockets made of virgin gold."

#### Advice.

"I must do as you do?"—your way, I own is a very good way; and still there are sometimes two straight roads to a town—

One over, one under the hill. You are treading the safe and well-worn way. That the prudent choose each time, and you think me reckless and rash to-day because I prefer to climb.

Your path is the right one, and so is mine. We are not like peas in a pod, Compelled to lie in a certain line Or else be scattered abroad.

'Twere a dull world, methinks, my friend, If we all went just one way, Yet our paths will meet no doubt at the end, Though they lead apart to-day.

You like the shade and I like the sun; You like an even pace; I like to mix with the throng and run, And then rest after the race.

I like danger and storm and strife; You like a peaceful time; I like passion and surge of life; You like its gentle rhyme.

You like buttercups, dewy sweet, And crocuses, framed in snow; I like the roses, born of the heat, And the red carnations' glow.

I must live my life, not yours, my friend, For so it was written down, We must follow our given path to the end, But I trust we shall meet—in town.

#### GRACE'S DESK.

Margaret looked up from her sewing machine for a minute to glance across the room at the quiet little figure sitting at the window—a round, graceful little figure, whose attitude of thoughtful gravity was full of suggestion.

And then Margaret, always more or less crusty, but kind-hearted, gave an impatient sigh and increased the speed of her machine by a savage motion of her slippered feet, and compressed her lips and puckered her forehead all up in a perfect nest of wrinkles; while Grace, unconscious of it, sat looking out of the window at the gloomy prospect—half-melted, dirty, slushy-brown snow that was rapidly growing blusher and more melted under the drizzling rain that was falling; and, of course, thinking about Laurie Marcellus.

For several months Grace had not thought of much else but him, and yet there had not been an hour or a moment of that time that she had not tried not to think of him and grieve for him. It had been very similar to the same old story. Laurie Marcellus, handsome, elegant, aristocratic, fairly well-to-do in the world's estimation of riches, had been Grace Warrenner's most devoted for several months, until by one of those venomous waves of fortune's wand social position and wealth had suddenly vanished, and the Warrenner girls found themselves obliged to take in dress-making for a living.

Friends who had always been friends, who redeemed the dear name, who knew them for what they were worth, did not desert them; but first and foremost in the ranks of those who so conveniently preferred to dispense with the society of the two dressmakers who lived in Appledore row was Mr. Laurie Marcellus.

He had dropped out of Grace's life as a brilliant comet disappears from the sky. He had called one evening, the same as ever, with the sweet, caressing tenderness in his voice—the glad, eager light in his handsome eyes—that made the girl's heart spring within her; and she had never seen him since nor heard from him.

That very next day the crash came, through which the great spice house of Warrenner & Gray suspended; and a month later Caleb Warrenner died with apoplexy, and as soon as decency permitted the splendid mansion and furniture, the horses and carriages, the silver and jewels, all were sold under the red flag.

Margaret came grandly to the fore in those dark days, when her keenest grief was to witness little Grace's dismay and astonishment and suffering at Laurie Marcellus' defection; and yet her words were usually more bitter and sarcastic than gentle—it was Margaret Warrenner's way to use heroic treatment.

"He's not worth the everlasting fuss you make about him, Grace. I'm ashamed of you—downright ashamed; and he not your betrothed, either!"

That was true, so far as formal words went. Laurie Marcellus had never asked Grace Warrenner to be his wife; he had never in so many words told her he loved her; but he had known just as well as she had known he was alive how the girl's heart was all his own—how she loved him dearly and truly, for all her sweet reserve.

Grace smiled faintly when Margaret spoke of the "fuss" she made about him. She knew well enough that the "fuss" was only her grave, sad face, her quiet ways, her listless manner, that she tried desperately hard to conquer, and in all the months that had passed had not succeeded, and seemed no nearer succeeding than in the beginning—so nearly hopeless a task is it for a woman to conquer thoughts and heart-sick longings for the man she loves. Pride and shame may do valiant battle for the victory, but pride and shame are baby foes in comparison with the giant they oppose—woman's strong, enduring love for her chosen beloved.

And so the dreary time went on for Grace, and by steady, persistent effort she disallowed herself to be dull or complaining, or a kill-joy. She resolutely determined to at least be cheerful and patient outwardly, no matter what the inward commotion. And to-day—this cheerless January day—she had only given a momentary rein to her thoughts, enough to make her lay down her sewing and lean her head against the window, and wish she might never have known the sweetness of Laurie Marcellus' love.

Until the unusual whirring of the sewing machine wheel made her aware that Margaret had observed her and was displeased. So, with a little, desperate effort, she forced herself back to the basting of the satin fold in her work. "I was thinking about that auction

sale at Dempsey's to-night," Margaret said, almost crossly. "You want a desk, you said, and Maggie Rich says there's a very good one to be sold there. I'll go and bid on it for you, I think, if I ever under the sun get these hands stitched on! It seems to me that those Rich girls are not happy unless their dresses are absolutely loaded with trimming."

Grace looked up, with such sweet, sweet eyes—it was no wonder handsome Marcellus had liked to look into the pure brown wells of limpid light.

"You are so good, Margaret! I do want a desk, if you are sure you can afford it."

"You needn't say if I can afford it, Grace. You have as much right to the money as I have. I'm going to buy myself a cashmere polonaise—you can have the desk if it is reasonable in price."

So that was how Miss Warrenner came to be at the auction sale at the big house on the hill that evening—Dempsey's grand mansion, whose prince had taken a whim to sell out and spend a few years abroad.

And the next day the desk was delivered at the cottage in Appledore row, and Grace put it in her room—a small, beautiful article, standing nicely in a cozy corner, and just the very thing for Grace's few books and her stationery.

It was very handsome, and Grace cried a little over it, because it brought back so many thoughts of the dear old days when she was surrounded by just such elegancies of furniture, and when—everything seemed, somehow, to lead to that one pivotal thought—when Laurie Marcellus had been her friend.

So the months went on, and the two sisters led their busy life, and Grace was growing sweeter and paler, and more patiently thoughtful, with every day that widened the distance between her and her memories.

New friends gathered around them—true friends—and there was more than one opportunity for Grace to have accepted a lover, only she had no love to give, no heart to win.

Her happiest and her saddest hours were spent at her desk, or it seemed to her that it was like a link to the past; and one windy, wildly-stormy night, five years after she had taken up her cross, for Laurie Marcellus' sake, she was sitting before her desk making out a score of bills to the "Misses Warrenner, artist dressmakers," and going back to one other stormy, snowy night, when she had said the good-night that meant good-bye, although she had not known it.

She was leaning her head on her hands, her elbow resting on the slant of her desk, when, with a little crushing noise, it broke, revealing a shallow aperture, of whose existence she had not the slightest knowledge.

She looked in, and all the blood in her body seemed to rush madly to her brain; for there, lying in the little secret place, fresh and clean, as though laid there an hour before, was a letter, stamped for mailing, and directed plainly to herself—"Grace Warrenner, The Willows," and—in Laurie Marcellus' handwriting.

She dared not touch it for a minute. She feared she was in the midst of some improbable dream; she wondered if it were possible she had gone suddenly daft.

Was it a letter—to her—from him? But how—how could it have got there, when the desk had been locked, in her room, for years?

Then she touched it, half expecting to see it vanish before her eyes. But it did not vanish; it was all true—a letter, for her, from him, and it had laid there all these years, so near, so far!

She sank trembling on the chair and opened it—Laurie Marcellus' proposal of marriage; his avowal of love; his manly sympathy and pitiful tenderness because of her father's financial trouble; his caressing pleading to be allowed to comfort and protect her as his wife should be comforted and protected and cherished. He begged for an immediate answer, and he would come to her at once if she loved him and did not say him nay. But if—if there was no such blessed answer for him—if he had been presumptuously mistaken—her greatest kindness would be not to answer him at all.

And she had just received it, after five years.

Poor little Grace! White and trembling, amazed and bewildered, she sat there long after Margaret had gone to her own room, so unconscious of the drama enacting so near her.

He had loved her—he had loved her after all; and Grace's heart thrilled at that thought, slender though the consolation was.

But of what avail was it now? Where was he? What might have happened in that long, fateful interim?

She thought of it all, keeping vigil with her thoughts that night. How the letter had ever come in that desk she had bought at Dempsey's, she dared not imagine. Grace only realized that some tremendous fate had discovered it to her.

She kept her strange, sweet, pitiful secret in her own heart for days, wondering with every hour if she could dare take a step in the matter.

And then, one day, the auctioneer who had sold the desk to Margaret Warrenner went to her and told her that a gentleman who had just returned from Europe desired to regain possession of the desk sold at Mr. Dempsey's auction, as it had been a gift to Mr. Dempsey from himself, on the eve of his departure abroad, five years before. And Grace listened with dilating eyes and throbbing heart, whose beats almost choked her utterance.

"Tell the gentleman to call here and he may have his property."

And that evening, when she went to the door at the sound of the bell, and opened it, with her face slightly paler than usual, Laurie Marcellus stood there.

"I expected you—come in," she said, gently, while amazed and bewildered he could only bow and obey.

Then she explained; then he remembered leaving the letter in the desk, and understood how, by accident—nay, by grim fate—the slant was not fastened and the letter had slipped into its living

grave to be resurrected after all these years.

"I do not know that I should tell you even now," she said, bravely, "for I do not know whether you are—are the same or not. But," and she looked up in his grand face, "I want you to know I did love you."

He stepped up to her, quietly enough for the minute.

"And now?"

"I am Grace Warrenner still."

And then he snatched her in his arms, held her to his heart, kissed her sweet, pale face.

"I never have once thought of another woman, my darling. When no answer came I was crushed to the very earth, and got myself away as well as I could. So you are my darling yet, Grace?"

And then Margaret came in, half an hour afterward, in surprise that the gentleman required so much time to make a bargain for the desk.

#### Texas Pasture Fields.

A correspondent in the Baltimore *American*, who is visiting the immense cattle pastures, describes a visit to the one of these, the Fulton and Coleman Companies' grazing lands in Texas.

"We left Fulton after an early breakfast, on the morning of the 31st of May, and were soon out on the open prairie, approaching the lands of the Peninsula Pasture Company, which are but a short distance from Rockport. There were but six in our party, four of whom were ladies, with Col. George W. Fulton as pilot. Eight miles from Rockport we passed through the gates of the Big Pasture of the Coleman-Fulton Pasture Company, and entered on its broad domain of 108,000 acres, or 206 square miles, of what is regarded as the very best pasture land in Texas. We were to stop at the ranch, the herdsmen's headquarters, ten miles from the gate, for dinner, and to rest horses, and afterwards to continue our journey to Mr. Coleman's mansion, eleven miles further on—making twenty-one miles from the gate to the house.

"When fairly on our journey inside of the Big Pasture, on casting the eye around, the horizon was seen to be as sharply defined in every direction as it is at sea. There were a few small motts of live-oak trees, and some scattered cattle browsing on the plain, but nothing else, not even fences, obstructed the view. By the unpracticed eye there was really no road to be seen, but during this and subsequent drives both Colonel Fulton and Mr. Coleman seemed to know every cowpath. These cowpaths are made by the cattle going to the lakes for water, as on such occasions they always walk in single file, and pursue the same course day after day. This was the case before the new pasture system was adopted, when an instinct seemed to guide the cattle in the pursuit of water. Then there were no artificial lakes, with the winter rains stored in them for the use of the cattle, as is now the case, and it often happened that the distance between water and the grazing grounds was twenty miles or more. In a dry season thousands of them would die from burning thirst, and leave their bones along the cow-tracks, or, on reaching the water, drink to such excess that death was sure to follow. Now there are five or six of these lakes on this great pasture, one of them three miles in length and from fifty to five hundred yards in width, while the Chilitop river forms its northern boundary.

"The Coleman-Fulton Pasture Company's lands are by careful estimate capable of sustaining at all seasons of the year about 35,000 head of cattle and horses, though at the present time there is not more than half this number there. During the past year the stock of cattle was reduced to about one-half the full complement, and the grass allowed to renew itself by seeding. The pastures are consequently now covered with a heavy coat of mesquite grass, and the company are filling up the pastures with cattle purchased from Texas and largely from Mexico. During our sojourn a lot of 2,000 head arrived from Mexico, and a despatch announced that 4,000 head more, purchased by their agents at \$6, \$9 and \$12 per head, were on their way, this price including their delivery in good order in the pasture. When they arrive the heaves will be fattened, and shipped to New Orleans as soon as in condition for market, the cows will be driven to the Barada pasture of 39,000 acres, used for breeding graded stock, and the male yearlings driven to the Big Pasture of 105,000 acres, which is devoted to heaves and stock for the market. The sorting and separating of the cattle require experience and good judgment, and a vast force of men and horses. The prospects of the company were never so good as at present, they having just declared a cash dividend of 4 per cent. for the past six months, while they are very confident of increasing it to 12 per cent. per annum.

#### "Viper Men and Women."

At Guadalajara there exists an individual having a scaly skin exactly like that of a viper, even to the green color. He has, besides, the viper habit of changing or shedding his skin every year. The skin comes off in a single piece, and not, as might be supposed, in parts. On the man's head there is not a single hair. A sister of this man, who died a short time ago, manifested the same phenomenon, and toward the close of her life began slowly to grow blind, owing to the viper's skin encroaching on the eyes to such an extent that she could only see through a narrow aperture at each eye. The same thing is now happening to the brother. He can scarcely see any object, and the head presents the repulsive aspect of a viper. In Cuautla these unhappy beings have been known as the "viper men and women," and the phenomenon is attributed to the fact that their mother ate an excess of viper's meat to cure a disease of the blood. In Cuba it is a common practice for people to eat viper's flesh as a remedy for blood diseases.—*Santa Fe New Mexican.*

Minnie Palmer, the actress, is under \$5,000 bonds to her manager not to marry for five years.

#### HOW TO LIVE IN SUMMER.

##### Some Judicious Advice from an Authority.

It is as yet a point of dispute whether cotton stuffs are the best wear, many approving of light woolsens. For women, nothing is sweeter in summer than a linen dress; it is a pity we do not patronize linens more for adults; for children, cottons; for workmen, worsteds. The heavy suits of men are weighing them down in summer, and clothes of serge are far preferable to those of thick woolen cloth. Very thin silk is a cool wear. The heavily laden skirts of women impede the free action of movement much, and should be simplified as much as possible for summer. So also the headgear.

Infants, if at all delicate, should not be allowed to go with bare feet; it often produces diarrheas, and they should always wear a flannel band round the stomach. Another important matter is the changing of night and day linen among the poorer classes. It is terrible to think that a workingman should lie down in the shirt in which he has perspired all day at his hot work. Let men accustom themselves to good washes every evening before they sit down to their meals, and to changes at night, that they may take up a dry shirt when going to their hard day's work.

Frequent changes of linen is absolutely necessary—anyhow, a night and day change. This change alone would help to stay mortality among children, if accompanied with other healthy measures, such as sponging the body with a little salt and water. Where tenements are very close wet sheets placed against walls will aid to revivify the air and absorb bad vapor in rooms. All children's hair should be cut short; boys' hair may be cropped, and girls' hair so arranged by nets or plaits that air passes freely round the neck.

Light head coverings are essential in summer, for the head must be kept cool. The most serviceable dress is that which allows air to pass freely around your limbs and stops neither the evaporation of the body nor the circulation of the refreshing atmosphere. In summer you must breathe freely and lightly; you cannot do so with your stomach full of undigested food, your blood full of overheated alcohol, your lungs full of vitiated air, your smell disgusted with nauseous scents, your system unable to carry out the natural process of digestion. All the sanitary arrangements in the world will do no good if we eat and drink in such a fashion that we are constantly putting on fuel where it is not needed, and stuffing up our bodily draught, as we would that of a heating appliance. Our ignorance and our bad habits spoil the summer, that delightful season of the year—nothing else.

Activity, rest and recreation are weighty matters in influencing our health in summer. We are not so well inclined for activity, and yet nothing will so much assist us as a healthy employment of our energies, without over-exertion. Pity those who must exert themselves to the utmost in this horrid weather, and feel gratified if you need only moderately use your strength.

Activity keeps the system going, the blood in healthy circulation, the digestive process free from costiveness, and the skin open for evaporation, and prevents all clogging of the machine. If not forced to work in some way or other be active anyhow; occupy your mind and exercise your limbs. Stagnation will bring about lethargy and allow the atmosphere a greater influence upon you.

On the other hand, full rest is as necessary. The exhausted frame wants more recuperation, the brain less strain, the system more gentle treatment. Things look often darker in hot weather; heat weighs upon the upper portion of the head, communicating influence to the perceptive powers, and influences the senses. We see pictures before us, and fancy we have not the power to combat difficulties. It is said that more suicides are committed in hot than cold weather. A healthy sleep in this hot season is worth a great deal to us; try to court it, and never play with your life and health by willfully neglecting it.

And what shall we say of that precious, and as yet, so little understood phase of life, our recreation? If there is one thing more than another to be encouraged in summer, it is reasonable recreation; that exercise between body and mind which brings about harmony between both; that periodical abstaining from incessant labor which renders us fresher for it; that intercourse with beautiful Mother Earth which leads us to value natural aspirations.

Never pass a day in summer without some calm half-hour for quiet and enjoyment; life has only so many years, and during their space we should live, not vegetate. The time will come when sanitary measures and means for enjoying a higher phase of life will be thought of more than laying up things that rust.

We cannot here enter upon the meaning of recreation in a wider sense; but it is not recreation to rush out of town and stop at some place to drink beer and smoke all the time; it is not recreation to push on in crowds for excitement out of doors; it is not recreation to overheat yourself and feel more fatigued the day after than the day before. For recreation you want leisure, moderate movement, happy thoughts, kindly company, some pleasant talk, cheerful music, refreshing food and drink, and, above all, a thankful heart that you are able to enjoy these; then no one could say that such recreation would be against the highest religious rules of living. Food, drink, dwelling, clothing, activity, rest and recreation, all are modified by the social circumstances under which we are living—*Food and Health.*

"Don't you think we ought to separate our husbands?" said a lady to her friend. "Do you not see how excited they have become? They are beginning to call each other 'ox' and 'ass' and all sorts of disagreeable things." "Oh? no," was the calm reply. "Let them go on; they have known each other for more than twenty years, and ought to know what they are talking about."

#### A Desperado's Triple Murder.

A correspondent of the Denver *Col.* *Republican* tells how "Billy the Kid," a notorious desperado, killed three cowboys in Lincoln county, New Mexico. The escaped desperado, says the correspondent, rode up to a cow camp of John Chisum's, the well-known cattle man, in the Panhandle, in which there were four cowboys. Three of these were seated around a fire cooking supper, while the fourth, Bennett Howell, was hobbling his horse, about twenty yards from the fire. Riding up to the latter, "Kid" inquired: "Are you working for old John Chisum?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then here's your pay," a bullet from the "Kid's" pistol piercing his brain at the same time. Seeing the murder of their comrade the other cowboys sprang to their feet, but before they could draw their six-shooters, that of the killer had exploded twice again, and two more of the cowboys fell. Falling down on the one remaining, the murderer shouted: "Hold up!" The command was promptly obeyed. "Now," continued Billy, "I want you to take a message to old John Chisum for me. Tell him that during the war he promised to pay me five dollars a day for fighting for him. I fought for him and never got a cent. Now I intend to kill his men wherever I meet them, giving him credit for five dollars every time I drop one, until the debt is squared, or, if I happen to meet him before, I'll kill him and call the whole account settled. All I'm living for now is to get even with my enemies, and I expect to be in this country until I do that."

The "Kid" then rode away toward the Pecos, and the cowboy, after seeing that his friends were dead, made all haste to the nearest camp, where he told his story and secured assistance to bury the bodies of the murdered men.

While this story may be, and probably is, somewhat exaggerated, still it is certainly true in its main facts, so far as your correspondent, by close investigation, is able to ascertain. It seems to be generally thought in this county that Billy is hiding at the present time somewhere between this place and Puerto de Luna, watching the movements of Pat Garrett, who, it is said, is about the only man in the county with nerve enough to follow him alone—and waiting his opportunity to get in a blow at his real or supposed enemies. This makes sixteen men that are known to have died at the hands of the "Kid."

Chisum, it will be remembered, was the leader of one of the sides in the bloody war between the Lincoln county cattle men in 1878. When this trouble broke out Chisum hired the "Kid" as a sort of lieutenant, promising to pay him \$5 a day, as stated. The "Kid" did valiant work, if you could denominate success as a murderer by such a term, killing several men, it is claimed, on the opposite side.

#### The Mustang of Australia.

The mustang of the American continent has its counterpart in the "brumby" of Australia, large herds of which exist in the interior parts of Queensland and New South Wales. These animals are so numerous that they have often been destroyed and boiled down for the sake of their tallow and hides; and in some of the newly-settled districts they swarm in such numbers that the squatters have to protect themselves and the pasturage against their incursions. Brumbies are a recognized pest, the destruction of the wild horses being as necessary as the destruction of kangaroos or rabbits. The sport of capturing and taming these animals, however, has attracted a good many adventurous spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to those adopted by the inhabitants of Mexico and South America. The hardness and size and strength of these brumbies are remarkable, and when trained they are of considerable value. Their progeny, when crossed with European horses, possess excellent qualities. It is recorded that in one year no less than seven thousand wild horses have been shot on a single station in New South Wales.

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